

FUNNY THINGS THAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY



LIFE A RELAY OF JOKES.

Public Administrator Hoes the Latest Victim of the Superabundant Vitality of Mr. Hughes.

Superabundant vitality is the trouble with Mr. B. G. Hughes. He has it very bad. The only way he can get any relief from his trouble is to make monkeys of people who are possessed of superabundant dignity. William M. Hoes, Public Administrator, is the latest victim of Mr. Hughes's tendency in this direction. Yesterday Mr. Hoes affixed his signature and the bright red seal of his office to a receipt for 2,500 shares of stock of the American Ice Machine Company, the \$250,000 face value of which is one of the biggest jokes current in commercial circles. The news of the Public Administrator's disgrace spread with marvellous rapidity.

"The stuff in the secret drawer was not mine," he said, "and some of it was exceedingly valuable. I naturally lost no time in preparing to turn it back to the administrator. There are more cheerful tasks than the delivering up of a quarter of a million of property when you suspect that you have a good legal right to it as anybody else, and I have been more cheerful than I was while making an inventory of what the secret drawer contained. All at once I saw my chance. I would return good for evil. I would heap coals of fire on the Public Administrator's head. I would add a quarter of a million to the schedule for good measure, and I dumped in 2,500 shares of American Ice Machine Company's stock. Then I felt more cheerful. Here's the Public Administrator's receipt."

Mr. Hughes has relieved himself of a great deal of surplus vitality by means of this same ice machine stock. He bought the stock at public auction for a song, and shortly after wished he had his song back. Just about that time a fellow member of the Kiers Club got married. A wedding present was due from Mr. Hughes. He thought of the ice machine stock, and for the first time realized its possibilities for mirth. He wrote a touching letter to the groom, realizing his blessing and \$25,000 of the stock. The groom's affecting response is among the dearest of Mr. Hughes's possessions—now that they are friends again at bormaking all day, and finding himself still in danger of spontaneous combustion through excess of vitality, Mr. Hughes detested to his stenographer the prospect of the "New York and London Water Supply Company," the professed object of which was to buy up the waterway of the Erie Canal and connect the Croton reservoir with Niagara Falls. By dint of cunning phraseology—at which he is an adept—Mr. Hughes made it appear that the principal supporters of the undertaking were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Alfred de Rothschild, Lord Alfred Cavendish, Sir George Montagu and Sir George Gordon Alfred Lennox.

But Mr. Hughes's chief d'oeuvre in the way of hoaxes—and one that has rarely been equaled for perfection in detail and in the absurdity of its success—was perpetrated at the expense of the officers and jury of awards of the "National Cat Show," held at Madison Square Garden. Mr. Hughes played it on these gentlemen two years ago, and a year ago he robbed it in. This was the manner of it: "Dogs," said Mr. Hughes to his clerks, when he read the announcement, "there's going to be a cat show at Madison Square Garden. That settles it. Our cat is going to have a show at that show, or I'll know the reason why."

Mr. Hughes let the box factory run itself while he arranged the preliminaries. First he wrote a polite note to the Cat Show authorities, saying that he had a rare specimen of "Dublin Brindle," whose ancestors for many generations had been prize winners in the old country. He wished to know whether he could enter his cat, whose name was "Nicodemus," provided his pedigree was satisfactory.

The authorities replied promptly that Mr. Hughes's Dublin Brindle would be most welcome, and that he could send the pedigree with the exhibit.

Whereupon Mr. Hughes sat down and wrote up a pedigree that no cat before or since has been able to boast. Then he had his workmen make a handsome cage, lavishly decorated with gold leaf, to contain the exhibit. The next step was to have a florist come to the factory and decorate the cage with cut flowers.

"I told him to spare no expense," said Mr. Hughes. "Nicodemus was such a night mare to look at that I made the florist bury him pretty nearly out of sight. Then I had a handsome sign painted, announcing that Nicodemus was valued at \$1,000—exactly twice the value placed on the next highest priced cat in the exhibit. Well, our exhibit secured the finest position at the show."

During the rush hours of each day of the exhibition Mr. Hughes sent his coachman in livery to Madison Square Garden with chicken and ice cream for Nicodemus. The public could see but little of Nicodemus on account of the flowers; but the \$1,000 valuation, the brilliant pedigree, the liveried coachman and the ice cream and chicken carried conviction with them. It was a foregone conclusion that Nicodemus would take first prize, and he did.

Mr. Hughes never does things by halves. Ladies came to the factory in their carriages begging for the privilege of paying \$1,000 for the only "Dublin Brindle" in America, but the proud owner refused to listen to them. He had made up his mind that if Nicodemus could secure two capital awards the hoax would be complete, and not till then. So last year the comedy was played again with the same result. The award was made, but Mr. Hughes slipped up on a technicality. A lady exhibitor from New Jersey wrote the officials of the show a letter protesting against the award on the ground that Nicodemus had been entered under false pretences, being "not a gentleman, but a lady cat."

IF YOUR FAIR SWEETHEART'S NOSE IS TIP-TILTED.

And She Is Hidden from You, It Is Great Fun Trying to Recognize Her by Her Nose, as They Did at a Peekskill Church Sociable.

There was great fun in the parlors of the Reformed Church, at Peekskill, last night. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the church had a "nose-fad" sociable. No one can tell whence the name "nose-fad." But such sociables are very popular, just now along the Hudson. They afford an opportunity for mild dissipation, dusted with exciting uncertainty.

Hang a sheet of canvas from the ceiling to the floor, and cut small holes in the sheet. Then collect as many pretty girls as you can on one side of the canvas and as many good-looking young men on the other. Then let the girls place their noses in the holes in the canvas. A young man must choose a nose that appeals to his sense of beauty, and the young woman attached to that nose becomes his partner for the evening.

Now, every one is aware that a young man uses extravagant language. He tells a pretty girl that her features are graven



PLAYING THE "NOSE FAD" GAME IN PEEKSKILL.

on his heart; that he instinctively feels her presence; that he would recognize her in the dark, and all that sort of thing. The "nose fad" sociable is a fine test of such a young man's sincerity. Of course, there is always one particular girl at the sociable whom this young man ardently desires for his partner. He walks along the stretch of canvas, and, with palpitating heart, he surveys the noses that are presented to his anxious gaze. Say his particular girl has a tip-tilted nose. He has often told her that, blindfolded, he would know her. If there was but one retrograde nose projecting through the canvas, how easy would it be to convince his sweetheart that he has spoken true. But there are half a dozen such noses. Each turns up in the same gentle curve; each has the same delicate nostrils; behind each, he thinks, stands his sweetheart vexed and pouting because he does not instantly recognize her nose. It's a fine test of a young man's sincerity.

At the sociable at Peekskill last night all seemed to be jolly and happy. But that was only on the surface. There were really heart-burnings. Only two or three young men chose the girls who are nearest to their hearts. "Of course that's Clara's nose," exclaimed one youth, after a most careful survey. "Of course that's Clara's nose," he said, positively, "and the lady to whom it belongs."

The canvas was lifted and he confronted, not Clara, but Clara's rival, Clara's dearest enemy, the only girl in Peekskill who is as pretty as Clara, the girl whose nose, like Clara's would add beauty to the face of any Venus. But his choice was made, and Clara, unhappy girl, had learned not to believe all he says to her.

Such is the spice of uncertainty, of excitement, that makes "nose-fad" sociables popular at Peekskill. Such sociables may be had in New York this winter. There's great fun at them.

ARMED HOBOS RAID NEW ROCHELLE.

Special Guards Patrolled the Streets Last Night to Protect the Citizens from Depredations.

During the past few days New Rochelle has been overrun with tramps. They selected a hut in the woods along the New Haven Railroad, between New Rochelle and Larchmont, as their rendezvous and made pilgrimages over the town during the day as well as at night, much to the annoyance of the residents. At one time the chicken coops of the farmers suffered, at another the good housewife was forced to give them her best winks or suffer the consequences.

Monday night a gang of twenty or more wandering Wilkes made a raid on the business portion of the village. It was in the early part of the evening that the pan-handlers, like road agents of the West, swept through. They divided into pairs and went in all directions. Three big tramps rushed into the hotel of Martin S. Nathan, on Huguenot street, and the biggest of the trio, in a gruff voice, said: "Give us each a drink of whiskey or we'll make you a subject for the morgue."

Mr. Nathan was in the barroom at the time and he ordered the men to get out. They went out in the middle of the road and each picked up a large stone and hurled it through a \$125 plate glass window behind the bar. Nathan was so thunderstruck that all he could say was "Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" Then the plate glass wreckers disappeared. About 11 o'clock a tramp, who gave his name as John Grahman, and his residence as New York, was arrested by Sergeant Cody, after the latter had clubbed him into insensibility. Grahman told the Sergeant that if he wanted to take him to a cell it would be necessary to carry him. Cody grabbed the tramp by the collar, and the latter punched the officer's face. Then it was Cody's turn, and he used the nightstick with good effect.

While a rugged fellow talked to James Cohen, who keeps a clothing store at No. 125 Main street, a companion snatched a \$15 overcoat and escaped.

Two big fellows deliberately walked up to William Weinstein's shoe store, next to the bank partly owned by C. Oliver, William and Adrien Iselin, and carried off a box containing three dozen overshoes, in plain view of a number of pedestrians.

Mrs. Charles Kellies reported to Chief Timmons that two tramps appeared at her residence at Home Park, about 9 o'clock, and demanded something to eat. She told them that it was too late and that all the victuals had been placed away. They pounded on the back door, and threatened to break it down unless she fed them. Mrs. Kellies screamed for help, and Mr. Cheesborough answered her cries, and the tramps ran away. Several butchers report that they were robbed of hams and other pieces of meat. Grocers also say that stands outside of their stores were raided of potatoes, apples and cabbage. A number of residents on their way home have been held up by armed tramps, who demanded money of them.

Yesterday after the attack of Monday night was known, great excitement prevailed. Merchants armed themselves with revolvers and shotguns, while the residents of the aristocratic Residence Park, Davenport Neck and Huguenot Park employed extra watchmen and had their burglar alarms tested. The wealthy residents of the Neck are much frightened, and have given orders that no one be admitted to their estates.

Sergeant Cody and a squad of bluecoats went to the tramps' bivouac recently for the purpose of making a big capture. The tramps heard of their approach and scampered in every direction. Sergeant Cody, however, managed to capture two of the men after a struggle. They both gave their names as John Smith, residence New York. Captain Timmons had all his men, both regular and special, out last night, patrolling the streets.

MR. MOODY ON SUICIDE.

"Increase of Self-Murder Is in Ratio to Decrease in Faith," Says the Great Evangelist.

The interesting revival meeting at Cooper Union yesterday morning, under the leadership of Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, at which Police Detective T. B. Hall, of Baltimore, narrated the story of his miraculous conversion sixteen years ago, was followed by a very affecting one in the afternoon. The crowds at both meetings were unusually large, there being barely standing room.

After several hymns were sung Mr. Moody announced that he was going to speak on "Hope."

He said there were three classes of people in the world—the class who had no hope, the class who had a false hope and the class who had a good hope.

"When a man has no hope in this world," he said, "or in the world to come, he generally commits suicide. This is the reason why there are so many suicides in France. The reason why suicides are increasing in

this country is because we are drifting away from the old Book, the Bible."

"What is the reason," continued the speaker, "that we have got so many men who hold positions in our banks in the penitentiary? They had a false hope—that is the reason. They thought they could take a little and return it again."

Mr. Moody then announced that he was going to visit Sing Sing prison some day next week on the invitation of Warren Sage. He will bring religious books to the prisoners and will make an address there.

The Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, also made an address.

Detective Hall Addresses Baptists. Police Detective T. B. Hall, of Baltimore, spoke last night (Tuesday) at the North Baptist Church, between Waverley place and Fourth street. The Rev. D. S. Toy presided. He introduced Detective Hall, who told the story of his conversion.

"Whenever I catch a crook now," he said, "I talk to him about the Lord Jesus Christ, and tell him how he has been fooled by the devil."

"There were cries of 'Good! good!' all over the church at this remark. 'Have I not blacked the eye of the devil for sixteen years, and have I not proved him a liar?' continued Detective Hall; and the congregation cried, 'Amen.'"

